man who was getting upset, and who was convinced that he was right.

He got up and went over to his "Roots" bag hanging as usual beside the mantle. He removed two cigarettes from the pack of Lucky Strikes. He tapped me on the shoulder, the cigarettes extended between the fingers of his hand. Come on, he said. I wouldn't go.

At 3:30 Adam told me I could go home. I said I knew. I was being dismissed. Usually he let me stay for shift change with Gladys. He probably wanted me to go before Gladys had a chance to see how distraught I was. It would only have confirmed her worst suspicions about my "certifiability."

I foiled Adam's good intentions. He and Gladys were smoking on the porch. I was sitting on my porch next door. I was still angry. I called over to Gladys. Hey, I said. I think I'll come over tonight and steal a television from the lounge, since I know the combination. Adam wheeled around. Ass-hole, he called me. I said he was an ass-hole himself. He said if I had "issues" with him, we'd go for a walk and discuss them like adults. I wish I'd gone. That was treating me like a wife.

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